

## Friday the 13th by MsMrs

**Series:** [A Time To Come](#) [3]

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**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jennifer Hayes, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Dustin Henderson/Original Female Character(s), Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Mike Wheeler's day is terrible from the beginning, and it only gets worse when he tries to help his best friend out.

Or: A little tie-in oneshot to A Time To Come (Part I). As a oneshot, it can be read independently.

## Friday the 13th

### Author's Note:

This just wrote itself in an hour or so, and I like it. I know... I didn't want to go all Will-centric in this series again, but this is actually a situation referenced in Part I and I kinda had it in mind all along. Time after time, Will can't get a break.

No proof reading was done to this! Yay!

### March 13th, 1987

Mike really couldn't blame anyone but himself. He had been a bit on-edge all day. Of course, in the morning he had crashed his bike, scraped his elbow, and as a result, had been late for school, which had earned him a not so gentle scolding from Mrs. Bailey. Nothing about her had ever been actually gentle. Especially not her surprise tests, of which she had set one right this morning. Mike felt he had failed it miserably, though he wouldn't actually know until Monday. Had the rest of the day so far been any better? Not at all. After lunch, when it had already been too late, he had remembered his history homework was still lying on his desk at home. Another unpleasant talk with a teacher had followed. Later that day, Mike had discovered, his crash with the bike had broken several spokes on the front wheel. He had discovered that through a second crash, that had left the front wheel bent in every direction except the right one. Yes, that was a proper Friday the 13th. The fact that now, at 9PM, he was hurrying out of the movie theater before the all too fitting *Friday the 13th Double Feature* had even started, further underlined it. But again, this time, he really could only blame himself.

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## Minutes earlier

„Can you guys believe it?“ Of course, Dustin was as enthusiastic as ever. Mike gnashed his teeth at the thought of everyone having a good time, while he had to suffer as much as he did. It was a short-lived disgruntlement though, that dissolved at the sight of El's amused expression.

„No. I absolutely can not believe they're doing a Friday the 13th special on the day that the movies are named after.“ Lucas said dryly, making the sarcasm as obvious as it could be. Max gave him a gentle nudge to the shoulder, mumbling something about how children Dustin's age can't understand sarcasm, but Mike didn't pay attention.

„And you're sure you're gonna be able to enjoy this, after today?“ El asked compassionately. Mike fumbled with the bandages around his elbow, flinching at the stinging sensation, and the dull pain in his hip, where his second crash had left a bruise the size of a football.

„Honestly, I'm done with this day. But I'm gonna try.“ His expression softened without him meaning to do so. He still had a feeling things would have to go to shit one more time before his watch would finally switch to midnight, eliminating the day at last.

„Other people have it worse.“ she scolded with a lite smile, that told him she was still acknowledging his suffering. She didn't specify what she meant with words, but the gaze she shot her step-brother Will, who was standing by himself, waiting for his bag of popcorn, said it

all.

„He's been quiet lately.“ Mike uttered. „Think it's because... well, everyone besides him... got someone? Like, I have you, Lucas has Max, and Dustin got that thing with Viv Mears developing.“

„I think it puts him under pressure.“ El nodded once. „But he can't help himself, can he? I mean he's...“

„...shy.“ Mike completed. „Honestly, El, I'm too. Lucas not so much, be we got lucky. I mean, I didn't really get you to notice me by traditional pickup lines, did I? Dustin is the only one of our friends who has actually asked a girl out.“ He really didn't like the thought of his best friend watching in silence, while everyone else's lives were getting enriched, if not, in a way, consumed by relationships. Mike had to do something about it. Desperate for at least one little accomplishment, on an otherwise miserable day, he said

„I'm gonna help him. Right now.“ Mike shook off El's hand that was holding on to his shirt tighter than he even noticed, and, without paying attention to her calls to stop it, went the few steps over to the counter. Will had just payed for his popcorn, and was holding a bag larger than his head with both hands.

„Hey.“ Mike put a hand on his friend's shoulder, and scooted a bit closer, so he could keep his voice down. The entrance to the theater was all but vibrating with the noise of countless excited conversations, so it probably wouldn't have been necessary. Mike deliberately ignored the worried looks his girlfriend gave him, when he whispered

„You did notice the cashier, didn't you?“

„Who?“ Will asked, mouth full of popcorn. „You mean Jennifer Hayes? Yeah, didn't know she works here now.“

„Bet there's something else about her you don't know.“ Mike put on a sly grin. There was not a hint of understanding on Will's face, so he went on „I heard she broke up with her boyfriend last week.“ Except for lighting up, like Mike had hoped, Will's eyes went from staring at his face to staring at some point behind Mike's shoulder, but strangely far away. „You should totally ask her out. Everyone knows she's got a thing for you.“

„I shouldn't.“ Will said, mechanically enough to unsettle Mike a bit. He brushed his concern off mentally, proceeding to tighten his grip on Will's shoulder. „Yes, you should.“

„I really shouldn't.“ the smaller teen insisted, which only caused Mike to gently, but determinedly pushing him in the direction of the blond girl, who was just placing the ‚Sold Out‘ sign on the counter in front of the cash register.

„Mike, let go of me!“ Will struggled out of Mike's grip. „What part of ‚I shouldn't‘ don't you understand?“ he hissed. Mike's already fragile nerves had taken a hit they really couldn't withstand right now. The way Will furrowed his brows, angry, almost enraged, was enough to make his blood boil with frustration.

„Excuse me?“ he snapped. „I was expecting to at least hear something like ‚Thank you for trying to help me get a girlfriend‘. Maybe I just

assumed you were having a hard time, being that you're the only-" To Mike's immense surprise, Will didn't hesitate a second to shove him so forcefully, he could barely hold himself on his feet.

„I didn't ask for your help!“ Will said firmly, but not loud enough for everyone to hear. In the blink of an eye, he was gone, and Mike stood dumbfounded, enraged, finally fed up with this Friday the 13th. It took only a second for El to step in front of him. He could swear, she was close to flipping him across the room. He had rarely ever seen his girlfriend so furious.

„I was trying to warn you!“ she growled. „Will you go after him, or do I have to make you?“ In an instant, all tension, all anger was gone, making way for deep regret. It was only now that Mike realized, Will had been tearing up the second he had pushed him towards Jennifer Hayes.

„Can you tell the others... I don't know... something? Just not the truth?“ he pleaded, already on his way to the front door. Dustin, Lucas and Max obviously hadn't noticed the incident.

„Friends don't lie.“ El said. „But I'm not telling them everything. Will's not feeling well. That's-“

„It's the truth!“ Mike quickly shouted over his shoulder, in an attempt to keep her from thinking too much about it. Her settling in this explanation was probably the best he could hope for. The fresh spring air engulfed him, when he stepped outside, frantically looking in both directions. There was no trace of Will. To the right, the next intersection was too far away for him to have made it there so soon, so Mike went to the left.

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## **Half an hour later**

Mike was running, trying to keep his Elbow as steady as possible. He could feel his racing heartbeat in the bruise on his hip, where even the soft waistband of his shorts caused him a considerable amount of pain. Still, he was fueled by worry and regret. Going left had been a mistake. Mike had assumed Will was going home, but after finding the Hopper/Byers house as empty and dark as it usually was during Hop's and Joyce's date nights, he had checked at Will's old house next. It was as deserted as it had been for almost two years. So was Castle Byers, that Mike hadn't visited ever since Will and Joyce had moved in with El and Hopper. Now, Mike was running as fast as the pain and the darkness allowed, headed for the only place left that actually had a meaning to Will.

From atop the cliff, Mike could see the black water of the quarry reflecting the moonlight. Aggressive, circular waves rippled through it, that couldn't have possibly been caused by the wind. Even with his eyes adapted to the darkness, he barely managed to make out the dark figure by the bank, that was throwing large rocks into the cold depths. The path down there was longer than Mike would have wished, and when he arrived, he was sure, Will had heard his heavy steps, and his panting. His friend didn't show any reaction though. Even when he turned around to pick up more stone's, he didn't acknowledge Mike's presence in the least.

„Will?“ Mike said softly.

„Fuck off, Mike.“ was the only response he got out of his best friend. Still, he took a few steps towards Will, who grunted with every throw. On the way to this place he loathed in more than one way, he'd had plenty of time to lay out something to say.

„Listen... I'm sorry. That was just...“ Mike could feel the words slipping from him. „If you're not comfortable with this... or not ready for, well... a relationship... I'm not gonna pressure you anymore.“ The second Will's fist connected with his jaw, Mike knew, he hadn't exactly gotten to the bottom of it yet. He felt himself drop to the hard ground painfully, and while he caught a glimpse of worry on Will's face while falling, there was only rage when he looked up, after running a few fingers over his aching jaw.

„I said, fuck off, Mike!“ Will yelled at him. „You don't understand a thing! Spare us both that dense shit!“ The sudden punch had reignited the fire in Mike's guts. He was on his feet quicker than his body could handle, as he more stumbled than walked up to Will, with his fists raised. He had already suffered enough injuries that day, though, so he was no match for his friend. All it took was a semi-hard push to both shoulders to send him back to the ground, where he decided to stay for the moment. Still, Mike wasn't done yet.

„Maybe I don't understand because you can't even give me a hint, Byers!“ he shouted, putting all the fury he had left into the words. „Go on, give me a chance to be less dense, and then accept my apology, for fuck's sake! At least I'm trying!“

„What do you wanna hear, Wheeler?“ Will spat out, watching Mike slowly get up again. „Want me to shrug at your... intrusiveness?“ He



didn't make an attempt at pushing the taller teen back down, and secretly, Mike was relieved. He wouldn't have managed to get up again. Instead, he would have had to spent the night like a bug on its back, maybe able to wiggle around, but nothing more.

„I wanna hear why you thought you had to go all bitchy on me. Why'd you have to storm off like that? Why didn't you just accept a little help? That's... all I wanted to do. Helping, I mean.“ With every word, Mike's voice cooled off considerably, ending small and desperate. By now, he sounded more pleading than anything else. Will on the other hand, exploded. It was as though a valve inside of him had finally given in to pressure.

„Because I'm gay!“ he screamed into the night sky, with his head leaned back. Will turned his back to Mike, and kicked dirt and small stones into the water with a mighty swing of his left leg, before going on, at a deafening volume „You hear that, everyone? You were right all along! Zombie Boy is a fucking queer! Isn't that great? He even manages to bum out the few friends he's got!“

*got... got.... got..... got.....* it echoed of the rough walls of the quarry.

At that, he turned back around, and while Mike had been speechless for a few seconds, the shiny streaks leading down Will's cheeks were more effective as a wake up call than any punch to the jaw could have ever been. He was by his friends side faster than Will could raise his arms in defense. The way he flinched caused Mike a painful sting in the side. It almost looked like Will was expecting to get beaten up. With more strength he thought he had left, he flung both arms around the shivering teen, who only relaxed and returned the embrace after a few moments of struggling against it. His breathing calmed. The shivering stopped. The echoes of Will's self-loathing cries had long died out, and the dark water had returned to its

former, calm but steadily moving state.

„Am I the first...”

„No. I told Jonathan more than a year ago. Mom and Hop last fall. I never said it so loud, though. That was... good. But I'm not ready for anyone else to know.“ The two parted just enough to they could see each other's faces. Mike was glad to see, Will had put on the widest smile he had seen on him in ages, only a hint of sadness behind it, that Mike knew was temporary.

„You know what?” he whispered. „On our last day of High School, when nothing matters anymore, we're gonna get together, I mean everyone, the whole party, and we're gonna stand in front of all those sons of bitches, and then you're gonna do it again. Just as loud as you did a minute ago. And then they can all suck it. Think I can get you there?”

„Only if you leave the exact wording to me.“ There was the laughter Mike wanted to hear, before Will's face switched to serious again. „It doesn't change anything about us, does it?”

„You know, my dad once told me, if you get into a physical argument with a friend, you're either gonna end up enemies, or brothers. In that case, you're my gay brother now.“ Another burst of laughter emerged from Will.

„As long as that doesn't make El your sister...”

For a long time after that, Mike and Will flicked small, flat rocks on

the water, watching them bounce as far as the middle of the lake. Mike's watch turned to midnight, eventually, and the small ,13' made way for a ,14'. Running a hand over his bruised hip, Mike decided, it had been a good day, all in all.